

Could I have Been Wrong?

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Category: Animorphs

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-31 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-31 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:49:08

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 839

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: David's POV from book 22. What was he thinking when he took over as Saddler?

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A/N: I know, a little short, but I'm busy with a longer one right now. Just figured I'd check in so you guys know that I'm still alive. Not that any of you care butâ€¦ Anywho, just an idea that popped into my head so let me know if it's any good. 'Kay?
Bu-byeJ

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Saddler: I was conscious, just for a second. Long enough to see the boy. The boy, who was changing intoâ€¦ into me! Mutated flesh, his skin tone becoming mine, his build becoming mine; then, he reached for the IV plug andâ€¦

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_ _David: Jake's cousinâ€¦ what was his name?
Sammyâ€¦ Sandlerâ€¦ Saddler! That was it, Saddler. He was my ticket outta' here and into a normal life. I could go to the hospital and become the kid!

Would the parents notice? No, of course not. I'll outsmart them like

I outsmarted the Animorphs. Animorphsâ€|ha! They thought they could control meâ€|but I will control them! Them and the world! Everyone will bow before me, the almighty David! Yeah, no way could Saddler's parents notice. After all, they're related to Jake _and _Rachelâ€|they can't be very smart.

I had my master plan, now all I had to do was carry it out. I could do itâ€|I was David!

I morphed my golden eagle. The predator in me merged with the ultimate predator mind of the raptor as I took wing and flew, soaring through the clouds. I glided almost effortlessly to the hospital, found a dark, forgotten corner and demorphed.

I casually walked in through the front door and asked the receptionist where the kid was.

"The PICU, down the hall and to the left." She told me, looking up from her computer for barely a moment before she looked back down. She hadn't shown me any respectâ€|none at all! I'll kill herâ€|but first the Animorphs. First I get my revenge.

I walked down the hall.

Just before I reached the room a stretcher blew past, leaving me barley enough time to read the name scrawled on the chart before it whizzed into the elevator and the doors shut.

Saddler _____. I smiled evilly to myself. This was going to be cake.

I searched around for a short time before I found what I was looking for, a way into the elevator. I morphed a rat and scurried into the tiny hole, making my way up the long black cord and in the partially open emergency hatch.

With lame rat eyes I found some exposed wires near one of the doctor's feet. I didn't have much time left, so quickly I chewed through them drawing the elevator to a screeching halt.

"What's going on?!" One of the two people cried out.

"The elevator stoâ€|ah! What's that thing!?" In the dim lighting coming from the single emergency bulb one of the doctor's had spotted me demorphing.

I smiled a smile that was neither rat nor human.

"Nighty-night." I whispered menacingly before knocking him and the other guy out with a pole from some medical, machinery junk.

I dusted off my hands. I was amazing! I'd just taken on two guys twice my size and now I was one step closer to destroying the Animorphs. All I had to do was acquireâ€|dispose of the body, this cubbyhole will doâ€|and morph.

Epilogue: NOOOO!!!! Don't leave me like this! Cassieâ€|Jake, you're the man, okay? Please! PLEASE! Think about Saddler's parents! They had a sonâ€|they loved their son! Jake looked at me with a pained look in his eyes. Cassie was crying. Marco wouldn't look at

me.

"Yes, they loved their son. But not you, David. Not you." Then they were all gone. All but Rachel and the alien. I screamed, I negotiated, I cried.

It didn't workâ€|nothing worked. The two hours were up and next thing I knew I was alone on a secluded, rat infested rock in the middle of the ocean. Alone and afraid.

And I thoughtâ€!

Could I have been wrong?

A/N: Gasp, shock. David thinks he was wrong! Will it last? Probably not, but it's a start for the psychotic rat. *E-mail to Kyra begins* Yo, 'sup? Guess what? I got one of the main characters in my school play. Life is good. Once again I'm going to tell you to continue with the "Innocent Until Proven Guilty" series! It's killing me! (And my wallet, 'ya can't get money without a product) Anywho, I was supposed to get off ten minutes ago so I'll have to talk to you later. 'Kay. Bu-bye. *E-mail to Kyra ends*

Bye ppl's!

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End
file.